

A WILD RACE.

When the First Pony Express Was Nearing Sacramento.

Cornelius Cole, ex-senator from California, tells in his memoirs how the first "pony express" reached Sacramento, Cal., long before the first transcontinental railroad was surveyed: "Those who were there to witness it will never forget the arrival of the first of these express messengers at Sacramento. It was an occasion of great rejoicing, and everybody, big and little, old and young, turned out to see the fun. All business for the time was suspended. Even the courts adjourned for the event. A large number of the citizens of all classes, grave and gay, mounted on fast horses, rode out some miles on the line to meet the incoming wonder.

"The waiting was not long. The little rider upon his blooded charger, under whip and spur, came down upon them like a meteor, but made not the slightest halt to greet his many visitors. Then began a race of all that waiting through over the stretch back to the city, the like of which has never been seen. It may have been rivaled in speed and confusion by some of the cavalry disasters during the war that presently followed, but the peaceful people of Sacramento, I am sure, never beheld anything of the kind before or afterward.

"The whole cavalcade, shouting and cheering, some waving banners and bareheaded, riding at the top of their speed, dashing down J street, might have been taken, had it occurred on the plains, for a band of wild Comanches, but the little mail carrier paid no attention to them and kept in the lead."

A ROMANCE IN TIN.

One Man's Fortune From the Price of a Pair of Shoes.

Some years ago a man who had started in business in Tasmania found that he could not meet his engagements and was compelled to call a meeting of his creditors.

Among his assets were a number of Mount Biscoff tin mine shares, which were regarded as worthless. It was the first tin mine discovered in Tasmania, and the output was not as heavy as the prospectus declared it would be.

The shares dropped in value, and when the debtor offered them to his creditors the latter refused to touch them.

Among the creditors was a poor shoemaker who had supplied the man with a pair of shoes. He offered to take the shares in payment of his debt. No one raised any objection, and he took the shares, saying, "They may turn out well some day."

Five years later, under proper management, the mine developed into a valuable property. It was a veritable mountain of tin, and the shares sprang up to an astonishing point.

Eventually the metal was "cornered" by a French syndicate, and the shares reaching a fabulous price, the once indigent shoemaker sold out and realized a fortune.

The money was wisely invested, and now he is in the enjoyment of an income of several thousands a year derived from the payment for a pair of shoes valued at \$3.—London Telegraph.

Absolute Obesity.

There is a member of the faculty of a certain university who, to use the words of a colleague, "is as rotund physically as he is profound metaphysically."

One day the professor chanced to come upon his children, of whom he has a number, all of whom were, to his astonishment, engaged in an earnest discussion of the meaning of the word "absolute."

"Dad," queried one of the youngsters, "can a man be absolutely good?"

"No," replied the father.

"Dad," put in another youngster, "can a man be absolutely bad?"

"No."

"Papa," ventured the third child, a girl, "can a man be absolutely fat?"

Whereupon father fled incontinently.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Making Hubby Appreciative.

A doctor tells of a note he received from a woman saying that her husband, who was about to make him a professional call, found constant fault with the dinner she prepared for him. She appealed to the physician for aid. The doctor examined his patient, who had a slight attack of indigestion, and told him to cut out lunches, to eat nothing but a slice of toast and a cup of tea. The scheme worked excellently. Of course hubby returns home in the evening, eats everything in sight and votes his wife's cooking even better than mother used to make.—Boston Record.

Property Rights.

Private property, in the shape in which we know it today, was chiefly formed by the gradual disentanglement of the separate rights of individuals from the blended rights of a community. There is every reason for believing that property once belonged not to individuals or even the isolated families, but to the patriarchal society as a whole. In other words, property was at first communistic rather than personal.—New York American.

Needed Airing.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Borelli hotly. "I've got a right to air my opinions, haven't I?" "Oh, of course," replied Brightly. "They're so stale and musty they certainly need something of that sort."—Philadelphia Press.

Practice not your art and 'twill soon depart.—German Proverb.

A DISPLAY OF QUICK WIT.

The American Saved His Pride and Observed Russian Etiquette.

The Yankee and the Russian story is again on its grand rounds, but as all attempts to name the original Yankee have failed, says London M. A. P., it is safe to pin the anecdote to any prominent American who may have visited St. Petersburg.

The Russian has been identified as the Grand Duke Constantine, younger brother of the Czar Alexander I., and the incident occurred about 1810.

The Yankee went out for a walk in March, when the snow was melting after sudden rain. The street was a maze of puddles, divided into sections by narrow ledges of snow at the crossings, over which pedestrians carefully felt their way.

The Yankee was just in the middle of such a snow bridge when he recognized the Grand Duke Constantine approaching in the opposite direction. The path being too narrow for two persons to pass, the grand duke being accustomed to every one getting out of his way, the Yankee being too courteous to turn his back on a brother of the czar to return whence he came and too proud to step servilely into the slush for a mere prince of the royal blood—such was the contretemps.

Quick as a flash our American whipped out his purse, presented it to Constantine and asked, "Even or odd?" "Even," replied the astonished prince.

"You win," said the Yankee and stepped off into a puddle half a leg deep.

Constantine, highly pleased by this peculiarly American proceeding, mentioned it to the czar, and our Yankee was invited to dine at the palace next day.

HE LACKED TACT.

Bad Breaks of the Man Who Was Trying to Sell Spectacles.

"The meanest job of my life days," said a millionaire, "was spectacle peddling. I still see the sad and scornful looks, I still hear the reproachful oaths, which that work brought down on me."

"It was at the seashore. I had a case of spectacles for every age from forty-five up. I paced the beach and the board walk.

"Once I walked up to a lady and gentleman seated close together on the sand.

"Sir and madam, I said, 'would these interest you? The best and cheapest brand of old age spectacles on the market. This pair would be your size, sir—forty-nine years. Lady, will you try these fifty-four year ones?'

"They reddened, and the man told me, with an oath, to move on. I remembered as I moved that he had been holding her hand. A seaside flirtation. Of course they hadn't liked their thoughts brought down from love to old age spectacles.

"On the board walk I accosted a pretty girl leading an old man by the arm.

"Would your grandpa be interested in these, miss? I said. 'Best glass, warranted, eighty year size, price—'

"Tell him to go, Billy," said the girl. "And as I went a hot corn man chuckled:

"That, you dub, was Gobsa Golde and his young bride."—Los Angeles Times.

A Curious Army Toast.

Of all the British regiments the Welsh fusiliers have the most curious army toast. It forms part of the ceremony of the grand dinner given annually on St. David's day. After the dinner the drum major, accompanied by the goat, the mascot of the fusiliers, bedecked with rosettes of red and blue ribbon, marches around the table, carrying a plate of leeks. Every officer or guest who has never eaten one before is obliged to do so, standing on his chair with one foot on the table, while the drummers beat a roll behind his chair. He is then considered a true Welshman. All the toasts are coupled with the name of St. David. It is in much this way that the toast with highland honors is drunk. Each guest stands with one foot on his chair and one on the table, and the pipers, a-piping, parade the room.

No Place For Dogs.

Is it impossible in Japan to keep a good dog? I have twice had my dogs disappear in a seemingly miraculous way. As I am well aware that there is a great demand for dogskins, especially those of young dogs, we have been careful in having our dog watched. Nevertheless he disappeared this morning. Almost every foreigner has lost a dog or dogs, and even a sea captain who was three days on shore had his dog poisoned the first day he put his feet on land.—Japan Chronicle.

The World Is Learning.

Briggs—Do you believe that the world is divided into two classes, those who borrow and those who lend? Griggs—No, sir. My experience is that two other classes are much more prevalent—those who want to borrow and those who won't lend.—Life.

The Difference.

"Pa, what's the difference between a rhyme and a poem?"

"The person who makes a rhyme stands some chance of seeing it printed, even if it is merely put on a card to be stuck up in an 'L' car."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Candor.

"Pa, what's friendly candor?" "It is generally the first aid to enmity."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The good you do is not lost, though you forget it.—Fielding.

HON. J. N. C. STOCKTON'S LATEST REFORM IDEAS

The Defeated Candidate for Governor Talks About Hearst, LaFollette and National Politics.

In regard to a recent article in the Metropolis headed, "John Stockton Makes Comment," I wish to say that the same practically expresses my opinion on the matters referred to, still the wording of it is calculated to bring criticism from those who do not agree with me. In the first place, I do not wish to be put in the attitude of comparing the exalted and dignified office of governor with the question of dollars. I do not know who quoted me, as I have talked frequently and frankly with my friends, and have stated time and time again that from a business standpoint I was a great deal better off by not being elected governor than I would have been had I been elected to that high office. It has often been thrown up to me that I would have been worth a great deal of money had I not taken an interest in public affairs, and to this taunt I have always replied that I have nothing to complain of as to the success I have made in a business way. On the other hand, I am convinced that if I would use the methods of the system that come to my knowledge, in the study of political economy and existing conditions, there would be no doubt of my being able to accumulate large sums of money, even in this part of the country, where money is not so plentiful as it is in the great money centers.

An old Grecian philosopher was once told that owing to his poverty he was not capable of advising the people as to what was best for them. He replied to the business man of that time: "If I used my philosophy in trying to make a fortune I could do so in a few months, while it has taken you a lifetime to do it, notwithstanding your business capacity, and I will prove this to you by accumulating a fortune in six months."

Conscience-Stricken

He selected a crop that took the least to monopolize, and in one season, by controlling it, he made more money than this up to date business man had succeeded in accumulating in a lifetime. However, feeling that he had wronged the people, he paid the profits back into the treasury, so they could be distributed to the people.

Men contending for the right will always be misunderstood, but that is no reason why they should quit trying to do right for humanity. They should continue to do the best they can to advance high ideals and promote the public welfare.

The holding of office has no attraction for me unless it has in it the possibility of overcoming some of the existing evils, and the only gratification coming from the holding of office grows out of having been able to start and succeed in some constructive improvements. No man should enter

public life for the emoluments offered—he should have a higher purpose.

That Tribute to Graves

I am quoted as saying that the country would be better off by having men of the John Temple Graves type in the presidential chair. I should have been quoted as saying that Mr. Graves was to be commended for the stand he took in boldly and forcibly speaking out against the evils of both political parties.

I may be further misunderstood in regard to my statements as to LaFollette and Cummins. I believe that men of this type would organize and make successful a new party. There is no man in the country that either loves or admires W. J. Bryan more than I do. He is not only a grand man, but he is a brave and fearless representative of the people, and would make an ideal president. I shall earnestly support him, and hope that he will be elected. We must realize, however, that the democratic party, if it would progress, has to become united.

Self-Sacrifice Needed

The party should expel every leader who is not willing to sacrifice himself to the extent of contending against the wrongs of society and special interests. Even if we could accomplish this, the democratic party is confronted with the prejudices growing out of the civil war. Therefore it is hard to make accessions from the old-time republicans. It is the same with the republican party—they cannot make accessions in the south, for practically the same reason. Men like LaFollette and Cummins could make a new party successful where men like Hearst and Graves could not, because the leading spirits of the independence party, those who put force and steam into the movement, are Hearst's closest business allies and legal advisers. LaFollette is known as republican, but his acts as governor of Wisconsin and his speeches in the United States senate prove him to be one of the best democrats that has ever been in either position. Governor Cummins of Iowa is an executive leader of public sentiment who has been a thorough democrat in his desire to better the condition of the state. Now, if these two men should undertake to lead the movement that Hearst and Graves inaugurated at Chicago they would not have these prejudices to overcome. They could draw heavily from the republican party, on account of having been affiliated with it, and they could draw heavily on the democratic party on account of their successful advocacy of democratic principles. We cannot have real reform in this country until the good people of both parties get together. Reform is only another name for progress.—J. N. C. Stockton, in Jacksonville Metropolis.

FLORIDA PHOSPHATES

For the past several months the phosphate market has been very quiet, and practically no sales made.

The manufacturers have been holding off, expecting that prices would decline, and the miners holding out for better prices, rather than let their product go at the figures offered. It is scarcely consistent that the factories will wait indefinitely to cover their requirements. This makes it more than likely that sales favorable to the producer will soon be made. On account of the heavy shipments stocks are not large, the operators being pushed, in many instances, to fill orders already accepted.

One of the new plants of the Holder Phosphate Company, at Inverness, will be ready to commence mining during the next month or six weeks, while the second one is expected to begin work in about ninety days.

Messrs. Williams and Clark now calculate turning over their new washer at Inverness some time this month, when active mining operations will at once be started.

In addition to the plants of the Mutual Mining Company at Luraville, Hernando and Floral City, this company are now erecting two further washers at Wade, which will be completed some time during the second half of the year.

During the past twelve months there have been two or three of the pebble companies mining such high grade pebble that the idea has been advanced of using this production in the place of hard rock. The grade of this rock is from 70 to 73 per cent. phosphate of lime. This quality of rock has been shipped continuously for the past year, but instead of the movement of hard rock having de-

creased the quantity of hard rock shipped has made a steady advance. The manufacturers need the hard rock and seem to be able to find nothing to take its place.

A new pebble company has recently been organized called the Corona Phosphate Company, for the purpose of mining a very high grade pebble deposit near Plant City. The property of this company is said to contain 5,000,000 tons of such high grade pebble that the promoters are willing to guarantee 74 per cent. phosphate, absolute minimum. They confidently expect the grade to run as high as 76 per cent. They are now preparing to erect extensive washing machinery for mining this property.

The Medulla Phosphate Company have completed their plant at Christiansburg, and started mining on the first of June. This company mines an exceptionally high grade pebble.

From all that can now be learned, it seems that the price of pebble phosphate is much steadier. The mines have demands for their entire outputs, much pebble being shipped all rail to the factories in the south, which are reported to be running full force. From the shipments made to domestic ports it is noticeable that the consumption of pebble in this country is increasing at a rapid rate.

The present heavy shipments of rock through Port Tampa have attracted considerable attention. During this year each month's shipments have exceeded the movement of the month previous. May, 1908, holds the record. During that month 101,874 tons of hard rock and pebbles were loaded aboard vessels and cleared from Port Tampa. For the same month last year shipments amounted to 38,791 tons, a gain of 63,083 tons.—American Fertilizer.

A TENDERFOOT'S REVENGE.

Bully of New Mexico Town Had the Tables Turned on Him.

The average tenderfoot is not a coward. He simply lacks ranch experience. An illustration of this fact occurred down in New Mexico several years ago. One day a pale looking, thin and sickly young man alighted from the train and put up at the little adobe hotel at Bernal Springs. The tenderfoot walked up to the bar and called for a bottle of soda pop. "Tain't allowed to drink that sort o' stuff out here," said a toughly. "What you want is a stiff drink o' red liquor. Mr. Barkeeper, set out the pison for this young feller." "You have the best of me," replied the tenderfoot, "and I'll have to drink the stuff, but I hope the time may come when I can make you drink my choice of liquid."

The tenderfoot raised the glass and gulped down the whisky. Sandy had had his way about it, and he made no effort to comprehend the vague remark of the stranger. The tenderfoot left for a ranch down the Pecos the next day after the incident in the saloon, and he was forgotten until one afternoon more than a year afterward a strong, healthy looking young man rode up to the hotel on a broncho, dropped the bridle reins upon the ground and dismounted. He had the appearance of a typical young man of the range. His face was bronzed and his eyes clear and penetrating. "I owe a fellow a debt which I believe I will pay right now," the stranger said.

No sooner had he made the remark than he walked off in the direction of Sandy, who had his gun in his right hand and was firing it into the air every few steps. The stranger approached Sandy, pulled his gun and unceremoniously dragged the bully up to the saloon and led him in that fashion up to the bar. "Get me a pan of water and set it upon the floor," he said to the barkeeper.

The order was complied with. Sandy standing there meekly, wondering what was going to happen to him. "Now, get down on the floor and drink water out of that pan like a dog," the former tenderfoot ordered. Sandy at first refused, but when the stranger began twirling his gun around on his forefinger and said the order must be obeyed the cowed fellow unlimbered and lay down upon the floor and began drinking water out of the pan.—Denver Field and Farm.

WATERLOO.

The Immutability of the Famous Old Battlefield.

One of the most striking features of a visit to the battlefield of Waterloo today is the immutability of the entire scene in which one of the greatest battles of history took place. Notwithstanding the many years that have passed since the memorable day of June 18, 1815, the entire scene of the battle remains practically unchanged and untouched, and the very buildings around which the tide of battle surged the fiercest, save for the necessary restorations of the damage they sustained in the conflict, remain exactly as they were, nor has any encroachment of building or progress marred the historic field.

The battlefield of Waterloo is an open, undulating stretch of good farming land. On the day of the battle the greater part of it was covered with crops of rye, wheat, barley and oats, and the same crops are still grown there each season. The field is intersected by two highroads branching at Mont St. Jean, the one on the right leading to Nivelles, while that on the left, which lay in the center of both armies, led south to Genappe, Charleroi and Namur. Upon the crest of the ridge which formed the first of the allied positions a crossroad runs east and west. This road, on approaching the spot where the "Lion of Waterloo" now stands, ran through a out in the crest some twelve to fourteen feet deep, and it was this point that was known after the battle as the Hollow Road. Some 500 yards to the southeast of the "Lion" is the farm of La Haye Sainte, while about 900 yards to the southwest stands Hougomont, the old chateau, farmhouse, outbuildings, walled garden and orchard, which played such an important part in the fate of the day. These buildings are nearly 300 years old and were built with a view to their defense, as many old stone loopholes still to be found testify.—Robert Howard Russell in Metropolitan Magazine.

Insomnia.

Insomnia is the not uncommon fate of the brain worker who after years of continuous mental strain retires from active life. The reason is that mental activity demands a large supply of blood for the brain, and the blood vessels gradually accommodate themselves to this large supply. But when the hard work is over the brain does not always realize that it needs less nourishment, and hence the condition of excessive mental activity which is what insomnia is.—London Mail.

Suspicious.

The Warden—I think the members of the choir are going to ask for more money. The Sidesman—Why? The Warden—For the last two Sundays they have been listening to the sermons.—Illustrated Bits.

A Striking Misapprehension.

Officer—Excuse me, madam; there goes eight bells. It's my watch on deck. Mrs. Lansman—Well, I don't blame you for keeping your watch on deck if it strikes as loudly as that.—Harper's Weekly.

The favor of great men and the praise of the world are not much to be relied on.—French Proverb.

A DESERT PERIL.

The Deadly Clear Water of the Death Valley Pools.

"One of the chief dangers to travelers in crossing such dreary and arid wastes as the far famed Death valley arises from ignorance as to the character of the infrequent pools of water along the route," said a mining engineer of Denver.

"The tenderfoot, growing faint under a blazing sun, will want to quench his intolerable thirst when he comes to a shallow hole whose water, clear as crystal, seems absolutely pure. He can with difficulty be restrained from drinking it by some experienced companion, who knows that one draft will probably cause serious if not fatal illness. This water, for all its seeming purity and clearness, is loaded with arsenic, and many a man has lost his life by its use.

Curiously enough, the only water in the desert that is safe to drink is foul looking and inhabited by bugs and snakes. When you come to a muddy pool on the surface of which insects are disporting themselves, however repulsive it may be, both to the eye and palate, you may drink it with impunity, despite its looks, as a man will who is crazy with thirst produced by the burning sands and merciless sun."—Baltimore American.

THE PALISADES.

Their Counterpart Cannot Be Found In All the World.

The edge of the world, if such a thing may be, lies hardly a rifle shot away from one of the centers of the world itself—the city of New York.

The Palisades, those mighty walls whereon the annals of the centuries are graven—what an edge of the world their lip presents to him who comes, perhaps at night, to their rough hewn elevation! In no other place other than this near proximity to man and one of his greatest cities could a physical feature so profoundly vast and impressive be so hidden from the world. Their counterpart cannot be found in all the world, and yet the Palisades are almost unexploited and unknown to the globe circling, sight hunting public that yearly traverses the continents or seas to gaze at things less wonderful in some distant field of nature's marvelous achievements, for little does any one know of these titanic walls who has merely seen them from the Hudson. Were they somewhere off in a land comparatively inaccessible, reached by a transcontinental thread of steel, the guidebooks would be rich in their pictured grandeur and man would rove far to explore them.—Philip Verrill Nichols in Harper's Magazine.

Superstitions of Stage Folk.

A stock actor is apt to have a prejudice against decorating or fixing up his dressing room. He is certain to get his notice shortly after he puts his pictures on the wall and otherwise makes the place comfortable and homelike. Actors and managers both have a horror of the witch lines in "Macbeth," and they never will allow them to be spoken, as it means a fire in the playhouse before the twelfth month is over. Sir Henry Irving was a firm believer in this superstition, and he would never allow the fatal lines to be read when he was playing the tragedy. I know many players who fear to have any one pass them on a stairway when they are entering a theater. There are many actors who make the sign of the cross before they make an entrance.—Chicago Tribune.

Where They Forgot.

"Once, in the rooms of the Fabian society, overlooking the fresh green slopes of the Law Court gardens in London, I heard George Bernard Shaw express his thoughts about English public schools," said a Chicago editor. "He attacked these schools. He said you learned nothing in them. He told of a young peer to whom a certain master at Eton said:

"I am ashamed of you, unable to work out so simple a problem! Your younger brother did it correctly an hour ago."

"I am sorry, sir," the boy replied, "but you must remember that my brother hasn't been at Eton as long as I have."—Washington Star.

Got Full Weight.

"Sir," says the aggrieved customer, approaching the bookseller, "I have called to express my opinion of your business methods."

"What is wrong?" deferentially asked the bookseller.

"I bought a set of Shakespeare from you last year. It weighed fourteen pounds. Yesterday I ordered a duplicate set for my son's library, and it only weighs thirteen pounds and nine ounces. I'd have you understand, sir, that there is a city ordinance against short weights."

Thoroughly humbled, the bookseller made up the shortage with seven ounces of miscellany.—Exchange.

Anxious For More.

An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him briefly insensible. When he recovered a five dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the grateful golfer. "Thanky, sir," said the injured man after a kindling glance at the money, "an' when will you be playin' again, sir?"—Argonaut.

The Snake Bite.

"So Wild Bill died of a snake bite? Whar did he git bit?" "Oh, th' snake didn't bite Bill. Th' snake bit Tough Tompkins, an' Tompkins drank two quarts o' th' remedy an' then shot Bill."—Judge's Library.